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overturns many of one's preconceived notions of fitness and beauty in art, and leaves the judgment staggering in horrified amazement, yet gradually the mind adjusts itself to the acceptance of new influences, and with each return to the picture finds more to love. The observer who is proud of his critical consistency should watch and pray before recording his opinion of this painting, else he will surely abuse it at first and weep for his obtuseness afterward. This experience is well-nigh universal; men of the most catholic artistic sympathy, the broadest artistic education, are compelled to acknowledge it. The hero of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," suddenly projected into a strange new era, his stunned senses gradually awaking to admiration, can alone adequately sympathize with them. The cause of the first repulsion seems to be a manifest strain both in the idea and the technic. The idea is complicated, and is, in its essence, rather literary than pictorial. A poet could use it with grace; a painter must strive in vain to compass it without sacrifice. Mr. Hunt has sacrificed simplicity; he has given us an elaborate and mystical thought translated into form and color instead of into words. And the translation itself seems rigid and formal, painstaking but not spirited. One feels that the sophisticated nineteenth century is trying to borrow the feelings and manners of the fourteenth, and failing utterly. Art cannot be a child again, and religion to-day is rather aspiration than faith. Yet gradually the strange charm of the picture—the inexplicable something which makes it beautiful, the influence of the artist's soul which one cannot understand and yet cannot resist—gradually this silences all critical questionings. Those wreathed cherubs are indeed children of God entering eternal gladness, softly waking from the terrors of mortal sleep into immortal glory. They have plucked the roses of paradise and robed their forms in the light of heaven's altar fires, flashing a celestial radiance upon "the darkling shore of the world." Beyond them are the spacious depths of an Oriental night; with them is morning. And so, lit by the mysterious splendor, attended by the sweet love of his celestial friends, the smiling Child and his mother and guardian move reverently on. Gradually the picture becomes dear to the imagination, until at last one would not have it different, until there is little one would change in it except the face of the Virgin, which even time and sympathy cannot improve.

Michetti's sunny ecstasy of blue skies and seas needs no persuasive influences of time. No one who delights in color, who loves the bright beauty of a perfect day, can fail to feel his senses thrill with the rapture which transfigures these leaping, dancing, flitting creatures, these ineffable unearthly children of "Spring-time and Love." Some tropical Arcadia the artist shows us, where mortal care and pain can never enter, where souls lie ever among flowers, half faint with the exquisite rapture of existence. A lark's song descending from sunny heights of air is not more delicate, more idyllic than this picture.

Puvis de Chavannes's "Sacred Wood" is the recently completed design for "Pagan Inspiration," one of the series of three large decorative paintings now in the Museum of Lyons. The picture reveals the artist's intimate knowledge of what is legitimate in decorative painting, and the means he employs to make a picture strengthen instead of interrupt the architectural effect of a great building. A true successor of the mediæval decorators, he is yet wholly modern in feeling, and by his conventionalization of form and color he gains an idyllic beauty and tenderness well-nigh impossible to the literalist. This picture is a reverie, a serene kingdom of contemplation, an academic grove where the muses listen to the inspiring voices of the gods. And its color is so direct a rendering of this fine intellectual exaltation that one's imagination is transported at once to the enchanted land. In such a picture there is a higher truth than in the most faithful transcript of nature. In fact, it is a delight to be reminded so powerfully as by these three pictures from different schools of art, that there are wide realms of beauty which the human imagination has not yet explored—kingdoms as rich as those conquered.

A few exhibits of sculpture must not be forgotten—two or three cleverly modelled heads by Daniel Chester French, already familiar in New York; and several exhibits in plaster and bronze by Johannes Gelert of Chicago, a man of quite exceptional talent. One of the best of these is a plaster sketch for a statue of Shakespeare, so nobly reposeful in feeling, so true to one's ideal of the man, and so simply and knowingly wrought, that it is impossible to understand why the trustees of

the Johnston bequest should have preferred a design shallow in sentiment and self-conscious in attitude by William Ordway Partridge, a man who has hitherto merely played at sculpture. Mr. Partridge had the enthusiastic suffrages of powerful literary friends in the East, but he has not yet learned the art in which he has received so important a commission. H. MONROE.

#### BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

AT last the new part of the Museum of Fine Arts is completed (doubling it in size, with half of the lot still left to build on), stocked and opened. And mighty well pleased is Boston over it all. With a collection of casts from classical sculpture which ranks, they say, only the third in the great collections of the world, and with a Japanese exhibit which, after the additions to it soon expected, will be not only unapproached but unapproachable in size and quality, even in Japan, since that country has parted with so much of her old art, the Boston Museum is certainly a very distinguished one. In size alone it is really imposing. One wanders on and on from room to room, and from gallery to gallery, until the well-known foot-sore museum-weariness overtakes one before the whole round has been gone. Built about a square court-yard, which is to be treated as a garden, the wings follow in the main the chronological evolution of art. The visitor begins, on the ground floor, with colossal archaic art not only in plaster casts, but also in some red and black granite colossi from Egypt, and "following the sun," passes on from Assyrian, Egyptian and early Greek, through the transitional epoch, up to the highest pitch of classical art, and then to the Renaissance, in natural order, with Gothic art finely illustrated in a department at one side of the main line of passage on the long journey. Then ascending the central staircase, one may pursue a similar course in painting, entering first into the grand gallery of old paintings of the various schools, then passing into the Allston room of early American painters, next coming upon a fine old Dutch collection, then upon a rich modern French exhibit, after that upon a good representation of contemporary American painters, and then passing to rooms of water-colors, and of etchings and engravings. On the opposite side of the staircase on the same floor is the great gallery of textiles, with adjoining rooms devoted to pottery and porcelain, to wood-carving, to metal work in bronze, brass, iron, copper, gold and silver. And besides all this are three great Japanese collections, one of lacquers, bronzes, swords, carvings, silks and myriads of small objects; one of several hundred kake-monos or scroll paintings; and one of pottery, the exhaustive representative exhibit of all the provincial potteries of Japan, collected with so much enthusiasm by Professor E. S. Morse.

A whole letter might well be devoted to any one of these collections. In the Egyptian room, for instance, there are those huge, lately unearthed fragments of the temple of Bubastis, of which the indefatigable Miss Edwards has been telling in numerous lectures, and sent hither by her in recognition of Boston's generous contributions toward Egyptian excavation. One is a red granite Hathor-head capital, six feet high, every line and polished surface and clean, sharp edge of which is as fresh as if cut yesterday; another is the upper half of a colossal statue of a king of six thousand years ago; and hand-some of all is a great lotos-bud capital in red granite. Very impressive are these heavy, sombre, cruel witnesses of measureless toil in an inconceivable society of the dim and distant past of the race.

Again, among the Greek sculpture, of which the authorities of the Royal Museum of Berlin have with unprecedented generosity allowed moulds to be taken, breaking their own rule in so doing, is the great winged Victory of Olympia, with massive wings of such soft, veritable feathers that they seem not only themselves to float and pulsate on the air, but to bear up the whole spirited figure; and in the superb "Parthenon Room" there is the magnificent display of the Frieze of the Parthenon, 275 feet long in 70 slabs, as well as the Frieze of the Temple at Phigaleia, 60 feet long, both of which are beautifully placed and lighted, and in their appropriate companionship with Pheidias art. Alone worth a journey to see is the exquisite collection of caryatids composing that matchless museum-exhibit, the "Porch of the Maidens," six perfect classic full-size figures supporting the entablature from the Erechtheion. Some ungrateful, pedantic criticism has been raised against the unavoidable mingling, in a certain room, of Roman

sculpture with Hellenic. But this was neatly anticipated and answered in advance by the report of the Curator of Classical Antiquities to the Trustees, in January last, which observed that there was but one room in the classical department high enough to admit the Erechtheion Porch, and though this room should have been theoretically devoted to Roman art, that would have necessitated placing the spirited works of the Hellenistic epoch in the darkest and narrowest portion of the long corridor that connects the two wings, and the inferior works of the Roman period in one of the finest and best-lighted rooms in the building. The Renaissance, too, is splendidly set forth in its realistic and noble sculpture. Michael Angelo's great compositions and some of his minor works are finely arranged, and Donatello is liberally represented in high reliefs that have not been commonly reproduced; and scattered about this room are some exquisite masterpieces by artists unknown or only guessed at, but instinct with the racy vitality and innate distinction of that epoch. Pleasure and inspiration, rather than pedantry, have evidently been the motive in selecting the sculpture—all thanks to Mr. Robinson's good sense and perfect taste for this!

Among the paintings, the Museum's greatest acquisition for the year, to mark this reopening, has been the purchase of the pictures bought by the late Stanton Blake from the collections of Prince Demidoff at the San Donato palace in Florence, in 1880, and since then on view in the Museum. The price named in his will (which also gave \$5000 to the Museum) was \$22,500—a small sum considering that the collection comprises pictures by Teniers, Van Huysum, Kalf, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Wouwerman, Metz, Maës, Netscher, and Verelst. Among the loans in the principal gallery are Turner's famous "Slave Ship," Paul Veronese's "Marriage of St. Catharine," a vast canvas by Snyder describing a "Boar Hunt," with immense detail and powerful realism, two great decorative pieces by Boucher, an "Adoration of the Magi," ascribed to Tintoretto, and a "Marriage of St. Catharine," ascribed to Titian, besides some old altar pieces of the Venetian and Siennese schools. These, with three fine Greuzes, some Salvator Rosas, a Vernet, some of the James Jackson Jarves old masters and one example each of Rubens, Van der Helst and Holbein, and other less known masters make up one very rich room.

In the Allston room, besides the Allstons, Stuarts and Copleys, which are in great force, are pictures by Trumbull, Page, Newton, Simbert, Peale, Healy, Alexander, and Ames. For modern French art there are three large Corots of the first quality, Delacroix's "Christopher Columbus," Millet's "Ruth and Boaz," and examples of Daubigny, Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz, Dupré, Couture, Gericault, Jacques, Gérôme, Meissonier, Regnault and the rest of the great men. The American artists represented are mostly Bostonians, with the late W. M. Hunt, George Fuller and John B. Johnston in fine examples, and a few representatives of the elder New York generation, such as Vedder, Inness and Lafarge.

The outlay on the new part of the Museum, with the cost of fitting it up and transporting the collection, will be not far from a third of a million of dollars—a fine monument of Boston's public spirit and culture, considering that the Museum has been wholly private enterprise and not a public institution. The cost of keeping it in running order is now more than doubled—about \$30,000—and as there is not sufficient endowment as yet to produce this sum (the income from permanent investments is under \$10,000), a system of annual subscriptions has been devised and has taken quite well popularly. For ten dollars a ticket admitting four persons every day in the year is issued. Over a thousand of such tickets were taken last year, and from present appearances at least fifteen hundred will be subscribed for this year. The casual receipts on the pay days (the Museum is open free on Saturdays and Sundays) are "hardly enough to pay for cleaning out the dirt tracked in on the free days," says Professor Morse, although they did amount to \$4600 last year. The interest in the Museum is constantly widening and deepening, bequests of large amount are beginning to drop now and then into its funds, and there is little risk in assuming that its financial future is secure. Dr. Samuel Eliot in a recent speech declared that the Museum was started not to supply a want but to create a want; the want is now felt, and the want is to a certain extent supplied. A want like this is a mark of the civilization of the community, and in supplying it with increasing abundance Boston will one day take her place among the great art-centres of the world.

Greta.